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## Organ Playing—Dresden, 1840.

[From Chorley's 'Music and Manners in France and Germany.']

[The Herr Schneider here commemorated is not the Friedrich Schneider of Dessau, whose recent death is noticed in another column, but his brother Johann Schneider, of Dresden.]

I will not libel any musician by asking him if he be fond of the organ. The further removed he be from personality in his preferences of Art—the more devotedly addicted to Thought in its noblest, if not most excursive, flights—the more exquisitely will he relish, the more eagerly return to those grave and sublime pleasures—to those

oracular utterances, as it were, in which musical Truth and Poetry, of the highest order, make themselves known. After a London season of fever and competition and excitement, when the newest wonder-player has been hardly heard before he has been pushed off his stool of popularity by the newest singer, when one strain of music has been hurried out of the memory by some other of a more seizing piquancy,—to find in the midst of the comparative quiet of a German town, and the yet more modest tranquillity of an occupied but not a dazzling career, an instrumentalist who, in his way, might challenge the Liszts and Paganinis of his century,—was as great a gratification to the mind as his artistic exhibitions were a delight to the ear. And to me the gratification was doubled, inasmuch as it came by way of sequel to the traces of Bach I had been exploring at Leipsic.

The weariness which the paltry "Die Beiden Schützen" of Lortzing, at the Opera House, had left upon my spirits, was only half effaced by a long morning among the Venetian pictures in the Gallery: when, as I was sitting at dinner, on a certain Saturday, a promised note of introduction was handed to me, which privileged me to present myself at Herr Schneider's door. By the way, this simple ceremony is by no means so easily to be performed at Dresden as elsewhere. In no town that I have ever visited is it so difficult to find out your acquaintances. Bells are scarce; door-plates, as far as I could see, utterly unknown. The first floor knoweth nothing of the cunning of the second—especially when the latter is inquired for in bad English-German; and in every house I approached,—to judge from the silence and impenetrability and difficulty of access which prevailed,—the inhabitants might, one and all, have been suffering under an epidemic dumphobia. To the third story, however, of the mansion where Herr Schneider carries on his own studies and directs those of others, I was guided by the full chord of many voices; and for the only time in Dresden, I found him whom I came to seek without that running to and fro, and that hesitation of servants, which take so much of its edge off the pleasure of a first visit.

I remember a story of a Swedenborgian who, on meeting a stranger, suddenly exclaimed, "I have seen you before, but whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell." This address I could have echoed on presenting my credentials to Herr Schneider. I had seen him "out of the body" years ago, during the whole time when I was occupying myself in tracing the imagined character of a German organist, in a forgotten book;—and his simple and hearty welcome, and his homely and intelligent features, on which a smile sits more at its ease than on many countenances far more regularly agreeable,—in short, the appearance, air, and *abord* (as the French say) of the man, had the welcome familiarity of old acquaintanceship. It was late in the day when I paid my visit; and he had been occupied among his musical avocations since the lark's hour of

rising. But when I told him how short the duration of my stay in Dresden must be, he sent for the keys of the church and the bellows-blower, as if he was doing the most natural thing instead of the greatest favor imaginable,—without any superfluous words between us. Indeed, profuse thanks would have suited ill with his hearty plainness of manner. And we were out of the house, and on the road to one of the rarest musical pleasures I ever enjoyed, as if we had known one another "in the body" for years, within ten minutes of his breaking the seal of ———'s friendly letter.

The Sophien-Kirche, or Evangelical Church, which we reached after passing down two or three of the dark and narrow streets in which Dresden abounds, is one of those bleak and melancholy Lutheran buildings where the destroyer and the image-breaker have left their visible traces. It once belonged to a Franciscan convent; and a superbly enriched portal, opening upon the Kloster Platz, remains to tell what the rest of the building has been. Its interior aspect is yet more fragmentary, and clearly indicative of sack and plunder. The church is supported by a double row of columns, with a large and irregular gallery stretching round one half of it. The vault and pillars are debased by parsimonious whitewash: a few birdcage-like pews are hung up and down on its high walls: it has a few quaint old pictures, a mouldering monument or so, surmounted by a crucifix; and the same papistical symbol above the dingy *rococo* of the high altar. The fading of daylight gave these objects that sad and sombre hue which Time has imparted to more than one picture, where a like assemblage has been combined by Weenix or some other such painter of interiors. There was something, too, in the reverberation of our feet, as we went up the gallery stairs, which said more to my fancy than it would be at all discreet to print. The best got-up scene could not have been made so appropriate for the music of meditation—which organ-music is.

Herr Schneider's instrument stands in a corner of the gallery, clad in a white case with silvered pipes, and decked out with a quantity of *rococo* gilt garlands. It has only two keyboards, each four octaves and a half, in visible register; thirty-four stops; and a long pedal-board, nearly as well worn as St. Peter's toe in the Vatican. The voice proceeding from the first handful of keys put down, informed me of the neighborhood of something surpassing after its kind. This is one of the great Silbermann's organs; and never heard I pipes of such a ripe and fascinating sweetness of tone, from the lowest *elephant* pedal C to the *skylark* C *altissimo*;—no hissing, no wheezing, no lumbering, no growling,—none of that ferocity of sound which makes some of our famous English specimens surgical to the ear. Compared, indeed, with aught in modern organ-building, the Silbermann instruments, at Dresden, are what the sumptuous ruby glass of the Middle Ages is to the ripest-red of the Bohemian manufacture. Only a few weeks before I had been listening to our own noble organs at Christchurch

in London, and in the Town-hall at Birmingham. A few weeks afterwards I was admiring a magnificent musical structure in progress of erection in the Westminster Abbey of the French—the cathedral at St. Denis. So that I was not without some opportunity of comparison, to warrant me in simile-making: and it is to be remembered that, as regards tone, the difference between player and player is little to be felt in the case of the instrument in question.

But in all that regards hand, and foot, and mind,—firmness of the first, brilliancy of the second, and concentration of the third,—Herr Schneider is to me as unrivalled as his organ. Drawing out a dear, shabby old book from his depository, he asked me to choose which of Bach's grand fugues he was to play me; and, almost ere I could mention those with which I was most familiar, had begun to add to my treasure by opening one, in B minor, I had never heard before. I have been warned, again and again, during the progress of transcribing these pages, that a written account of musical execution is likely to be as barren of fruit as the dancing lessons which the country school-mistress directed from a book with mathematical diagrams; but I must, once again, disregard the warning, as far as insisting upon the union of power and quietness which characterized Herr Schneider's performance. Those who treat organ-playing as "a black business," to which they bend themselves with frowning brows, and coat-sleeves turned up half-way to the shoulders,—the school of kickers, swingers to and fro, who make much exertion cover up very little skill,—might have taken a lesson from this admirable artist, whose hands, as they glided away over the keys ("worked away" is the established phrase), were bringing out into their fullest glory all those magnificent chains of sound,—all those replies, and suspenses, and accumulations, which, with a calm but never-tiring munificence, the noble old Cantor of the Thomas-Schule has lavished in his compositions. Perhaps a finer specimen of these does not exist than in the fugue in E minor, with which Herr Schneider next indulged me; where the subject,



spreading in form like a wedge, offers such excellent scope for the amplification of science and the arrangement of climax. I withdrew to the further corner of the gallery, where twilight was now fast sinking; and, while listening to this marvellous performance, lost the personality both of composer and the performer, more completely, perhaps, than I have ever done. It was neither Bach nor Schneider: the building was filled, to running over, with august and stately Music; and the old childish feeling of mystery and delight which, in the days when I was sparingly admitted to the acquaintanceship of any instrument whatsoever, the gigantic sounds of the organ used to awaken in me, came back as if I had been only — years old.

After one or two more glorious displays of entire mastery over the key and pedal-board,—“It is too dark for us to see any more of Bach,” said my liberal host; “so you must excuse what I am going to do:” and, with that, struck off at once into an improvisation of rare beauty of figure, and affluence of device. The subject was not at all a recondite one;—simple and bold, and at first I fancied a little drily treated: what, indeed, is there that would not sound so after the unfoldings of Bach? But, whether the admirable artist was excited by the keen relish I showed, or whether it is the nature of such powers as his to sustain and to excite themselves,—as he went on, the depth of his science was surpassed by the brilliancy of his fancy. It was the work of one hand to draw and close the stops which were wanted by the play of his imagination: a matter, of course, in which he could receive no help. But he ministered to himself with such a wonderful promptness and agility of finger, that the changes of hand from the key-board to the register were never felt; while so subtly were they combined and alternated, as to be totally clear of producing

that piecemeal effect in which the fantasy-work of common organists so often ends, from a want of a like judgment in combination. Till then, the remarkable mental energy demanded for an exhibition like this never struck me in all its fullness. And yet, not only must the performer originate thoughts, but, by new and happily-successive admixtures, contrive effects totally, of course, beyond the reach of him who has only before him the plain and immovable keys of a piano-forte. Taken merely in its most matter-of-fact sense, as a display which proved nothing, here were memory, combination, promptitude, invention and mechanical skill, united. I may be laughed at, but I could not help imagining that the exercise of a power at once implying thought, self-mastery, and a patient use of physical strength, could hardly have been carried to so high a perfection without its favorable moral influences; and that if it were so, herein, and not from their being erected in churches, might lie the superior sacredness of organs beyond other instruments—herein the holiness of the performance of the music written for them. By the time that Herr Schneider had brought his improvisation to a close, I could hardly distinguish either himself or organ from among the mass of gloomy shadows that had fallen round me; and I left the church in that pleasantly thoughtful state which suits so well with Dresden, and in which there is rest and not excitement. Lights were gleaming up and down in the windows of the high houses surrounding the Neumarkt: here and there a solitary foot-fall was to be heard, the sounds of daily traffic being for the most part over.

At nine precisely on the following morning I was again at Herr Schneider's elbow, in the organ-loft of the Sophien-Kirche, anxious to bear him company through the services of the morning. He had warned me that the plain forms of Lutheran worship forbade his exercising his craft with anything like fantasy; but I would not have exchanged what I did hear for the most elaborate performance which hands and feet in concord could have completed. Before the service commenced to an ample congregation, he treated us to a brief prelude on the full organ, of great majesty and brilliancy, as clear in design and as symmetrical in elaboration as though it were an *impromptu fait à loisir*. Then, while accompanying the psalms—five or six of which were most admirably sung by a choir of eighteen boys and young men—the extent of resource brought by him to bear on a prosaic and inferior task (as a second-rate player might choose to esteem it) was to me little less astonishing than the force he had shown in mastering the difficulties of Bach. The interludes between the verses were substantially and solidly dignified, yet sufficiently rich in ideas to set up for a twelvemonth some of the renowned improvisers I have heard; while the artful and unexpected management of the stops, so as to produce every variety of *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, entirely precluded the occupation of the swell. Though I stood close by, I was unable, from a want of familiarity with the manipulations of the instrument, and the rapidity with which the changes were executed, to take any note of the successions and mixtures of stops employed. Receipts in such a matter are of little use to the half taught, and none to the full-grown, artist.

Between the *corales*, which, thus sung and thus accompanied, I would fain have crystalized for the benefit of all English choirs (could the miracle of the tunes frozen in Munchausen's horn be repeated), I confess myself to have been busier in turning over the venerable and well-thumbed music-books, and gathering what I could from their pages, than in trying to translate the drowsy and not very clear accents of the *Pfarrer* into a service I could follow. There is much to be said some future day about these German psalm-tunes: a store of pleasant anecdotes belongs to them. One of the most beautiful, for instance, that I heard that morning—*Nun ruhen alle Wälder*—had been in its early days as secular a melody as “Rousseau's Dream.” It was the composition (so M. Mainzer had informed me in his amusing “*Esquisses Musicales*”) of the famous Henry

Isak, on the occasion of his being summoned from Inspruk to Munich three hundred years ago—a farewell tune, which got into every German mouth, and was seized hold of by the Reformers, on Rowland Hill's principle of turning profane music to good account. Harmonized, and finely sung by many voices, as I heard it, it seemed unfit for any service save that of the Temple. Other of the tunes were by Herman, Pretorius, Crüger, Dr. Martin Luther himself; and in many antiphonal parts of the service the Ambrosian and Gregorian chaunts seemed to have been retained, as well as the popish crucifix and candles on the altar.

### Felicien David's "Desert."

Among the compositions promised us by the Germanians at an extra Concert (probably next Saturday) is the one work which made Felicien David famous, and which they intend to perform with the assistance of the Mendelssohn Choral Society. It had quite a run of popularity in New York some ten or twelve years since. In October last, it was brought out in London, under the conductorship of Benedict, on which occasion the *Morning Post* indulged in the following pleasant criticism on the work itself:

The inaugural concert opened with Felicien David's *ode symphonique*, entitled “The Desert.” Those who seek in the science of sweet sounds nothing more than the illustration of ideas, however unmusical in their nature, and gladly tolerate monotony, quaintness, noise, ugliness—in short, anything which may serve to express a subject—will, doubtless, be highly delighted with this very strange, but, by no means unintellectual work. For our own part, we infinitely prefer to hear sweet, touching, natural melody, colored by rich and glowing harmony, varied and developed by the resources of counterpoint, thinking that there is an inherent abstract beauty in music, which should never be lost sight of in a composition, whatever its subject may be. M. David, however, evidently holds an opposite opinion; and, therefore, in considering his score, we must endeavor to look at it from his own point of view. This work commences with an orchestral prelude, intended to convey to the mind, by means of musical sounds, an idea of the vague immensity and tingling silence of the desert. The author here means, of course, to express his own sensations on first beholding the dreary, burning waste. He has been there, and therefore knows all about it. In this respect he has the advantage of us, and we cannot, therefore, pretend to decide authoritatively whether or not his tones faithfully delineate the sensations a reasonable being might experience under such circumstances. To express silence by sound is certainly no easy matter, but as the idea of immobility is essentially connected with it, nothing but monotony can be employed with anything like truthfulness; and of this M. David has availed himself to such an extent as to annoy our ears, and tire our patience extremely. We do not like musical deserts; sterility in a work of art is our abomination, and the subject which legitimates it is assuredly that which nothing but the direst necessity would induce us to attend to. The greatest merit, then, of this portion of the score, in one sense, and its most grievous sin in another, is that it is expressive. After this most graphic description of nothing, we have a recitation, in which the very vague qualities of the “vast expanse” are duly set forth. Then, after another orchestral movement, in which the author perseveres in his barren fancies, there comes another recitative, informing us that the musical pilgrim heard “sweet melodies,” and “harmony profound,” in the silence. He must have had remarkably sharp ears, or at least very long ones. We could certainly detect nothing of the kind in his musical illustration. Next we are favored with a chorus, called “The Glorification of Allah.” Who the singers are is not stated. Certain it is that the pilgrim, however vocally inclined, could not sing a chorus by himself; neither



could be, we imagine, get any help from the desert, or even the silence; for, although the latter possess the powers of melody and harmony, its union with the pilgrim's voice would only make a duet.

A duet between silence and a pilgrim would doubtless be a novelty; but this cannot be meant. No matter. This chorus is spirited, and has a vigorous characteristic rhythm. We like it much better than the vague desert illustration. After this there occurs another recitation descriptive of the approach of the caravan, which, we are told, "dimly emerges, as from the realm of night, like some huge serpent of the desert deep, and the first coming wave of flooding ocean." Here is a choice of similes. Our readers may take the serpent or the wave—it is perfectly indifferent to us—but they must have a large appetite for poetical licenses if they swallow both.

This is followed by "The March of the Caravan," accompanied by a chorus; a piece of real merit, the best thing, in fact, in the ode. Next comes a "Desert Tempest," in which the dark simoom, with "pestilential breath" (a very unsavoury image this), comes rushing on the fire-fraught blast, knocking down the unfortunate travellers right and left in a most distressing manner. It is really dreadful. Not only have we the nasty simoom upon the blast, a wind mounted upon a wind, with another wind for its breath, but "the angel of death" astride "upon destruction's wing" is also "hovering over our head." We cannot wonder at the occupants of the caravan being horribly frightened, or that the composer, amid such a confusion of terrors, should have thrown a good deal of it into his music. That he intended to illustrate here a scene of wild excitement was evident enough; but we could make out nothing clearly but a tremendous uproar. Perhaps this is all that was meant.

After a choral prayer, in which a delivery from

"The flaming breath of the simoom's nostrils"

is humbly requested, "the caravan resumes its march."

This ends the first part of the ode.

The second begins with an illustration of "Night in the Desert." This is followed by a "Hymn to Night" (a solo for the tenor voice), a chorus in praise of "The liberty of the desert," and a tenor song called "Evening Reverie." In the third part we have a recitation with orchestral accompaniments, in which an attempt is made to illustrate sunrise and its effects on the desert. In this we are told of a "Saffron Aurora, with golden locks and rosy cheeks, issuing from the silvery chambers of the east, heralding the approach of the Day-god, who on his flaming throne, drawn by fire-steeds, fills the blue arch of Heaven with golden light." This variety of colors, perhaps, suggests the idea of a rainbow rather than that of a sunrise; and the music sounded to us more like an illustration of a shower of rain, with occasional growls of thunder, than anything else; but we have never been in a desert, and upon such vague compositions every man is free to put his own construction. The liberty of the subject is dear to us. After this, we have the "Song of Muezzin," a perfectly hideous production, but doubtless highly characteristic.

Then "the caravan resumes its march," and "disappears in the distance" (we thought it had departed long ago); the desert is again "hushed into silence profound," as a proof of which the chorus in glorification of Allah is again pealed forth by 40 voices.

Such is Felicien David's "Desert," which will doubtless delight the lovers of the modern illustrative school, who will not fail to see in it a continuation of the spirit of Beethoven. To us, however, it bears as much resemblance to the incomparable musical poet's inspirations, as a flashy, cheaply got-up Lowther-arcade bauble does to a true diamond.

#### What Punch says of us.

NEW AMERICAN MOVEMENT.—Somebody writing from Naples, about Music, to a fashionable contemporary, says:—"I know, too, more

than half-a-dozen Americans, who have left their gold cupidity behind them, and are now in Italy, living in small, dirty back-rooms with a pianoforte, practicing *solfeggios*, with the intention of becoming singers of Italian opera." The development and cultivation of Music in the soul of America may, perhaps, tend to arrest the progress of Filibusterism, and other stratagems and spoils, including the spoliation of black liberty; and to render the airs which JONATHAN sometimes gives himself, on the fishery question for instance, tolerable. But it will, in all probability, produce results yet more extraordinary. A go-ahead people will not be content to stop short at operas and concerts. Music will be utilized; applied to political and social purposes; employed to enhance the charms of eloquence, and adorn the wisdom of statesmanship. Patriots will sing bravuras at caucus or in Congress, on behalf of freedom; and Presidents will express themselves in notes arranged to form symphonies; whilst the foreign policy of the States will take the form of overtures. The unseemly contests which sometimes occur in the Legislature will be replaced by grand scenes; and the stump-orator that now is, will become a stump-warbler; whilst the mob will respond in chorus. American song will be famous all the world over, and command immense engagements, being paid for—as no doubt it will be delivered—through the nose.

#### Friedrich Schneider.

The name of Schneider has long held a high place in German music. The death of Herr John Christian Frederick Schneider, who has for many years past been Chapelmaster to the Duke of Anhalt-Dessau, is announced in the foreign journals;—the year of his birth is said to have been 1786. His birthplace was the neighborhood of Zittau, where music was a good deal cultivated among "simple folk" as well as professors,—since the father of the family, who began life as a weaver, is said, by the force of perseverance and propensity, to have gained an appointment of organist at Watersdorf and elsewhere:—and to have himself superintended the education of his boys. The subject of our paragraph became early distinguished from among "the many," not merely as a pianoforte player, but as a composer,—and during the course of his life, which was disadvantageously contemporaneous with the career of Beethoven, Weber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, contrived to assert his individuality and to take his place among the musical creators of Germany. The list of his works is long, and includes almost every form of musical composition—theatrical writing alone excepted. Perhaps Herr Schneider's Oratorios, which have taken their turn among other oratorios of the second class at the German musical festivals, are the works by which he is best known in England,—since, if we recollect right, portions of his 'Deluge' and 'Last Judgment' were, some quarter of a century ago, introduced at our Oratorio. The list besides, contains oratorios entitled 'Paradise Lost,' 'Pharaoh,' 'Christ the Master,' 'Absalom,' 'Christ the Child,' 'Gideon,' 'Gethsemane and Golgotha,'—also cantatas, psalms, hymns, and other service-music. Altogether, Herr Frederick Schneider may be commemorated as a worthy and thoroughly-trained artist, belonging to the great period of German music.

#### Singular Opera Case in Paris.

[From Galligan's Messenger.]

Considerable sensation had been caused in musical circles by Count Thaddeus de Tyszkiewicz, a German, one of the editors of a musical journal of Leipsic, having brought an action against M. Roqueplan, director of the Grand Opera, to recover damages for having, on the 7th October last, caused the *Freyschutz* of Weber to be performed, with mutilations, and in a very imperfect manner. To this action M. Roqueplan responded, by a demand that M. Tyszkiewicz, as a foreigner, should be obliged to deposit 1,000*fr.* as security for the costs, and by an action against him for dama-

ges for what he called his libellous complaint. M. Tyszkiewicz having duly deposited the 1,000*fr.*, the two cases came on yesterday before the civil tribunal. M. Lachaud appeared for M. Tyszkiewicz. He stated that his client belonged to a family connected with the princely one of the Dukes of Lithuania, that his aunt was the sister of Poniatowski, and that one of his ancestors was the last Polish ambassador sent to the Court of France—also that as editor of the journal at Leipsic, he was a great musical authority. He then went on to say that seeing the *Freyschutz*—an opera of which he was a passionate admirer—announced for the 7th of October, he went to the theatre expecting to find the performance worthy in every respect of the Grand Opera of Paris. But that, instead of that, the instrumental part of the performance was most scandalously executed, the choruses did not know their parts, the tenor introduced what he considered ornaments which were not "set down for him;" the principal female part was filled by a third rate cantatrice; and suppressions of the best portions of the third act were made, whereby the act was rendered ridiculous and incomprehensible. In addition to all this, the opera was made the *lever de rideau* or introduction to a ballet. On the whole, M. Tyszkiewicz declared that he had never seen the noble *chef-d'œuvre* of Weber treated with such profanation in the most wretched theatre of Germany. In support of this opinion of his client, the advocate quoted extracts from *feuilletons* of M. Berlioz and other eminent critics; and he then went on to contend that damages were due, because the defendant had announced *Freyschutz* but had only given a part of it, and because it was right and proper to defend the works of men of genius from mutilation. And as damages were due to his client, he contended that the counter action of M. Roqueplan must be dismissed. M. Celliez, advocate of M. Roqueplan, said that the action was a most ridiculous one, and had excited loud laughter amongst the public; and he intimated that the general opinion was that M. Tyszkiewicz was a very original character, or insane. He afterwards alleged that the opera was performed on the evening in question as it was arranged in 1850 by M. Pacini and M. Berlioz, as it had always been performed, and as it had been sanctioned by the Ministry of the Interior and the Ministry of State; and that M. Roqueplan, being the director of a subventioned theatre, was obliged to perform, without any alteration or addition whatsoever, the pieces so sanctioned. As to the plaintiff's assertions of the badness of the performance, vocal and instrumental, the advocate declared that they were calumnious, and that when they were made with respect to such a theatre as the Opera, they did not deserve a reply. He contended that M. Tyszkiewicz had only brought his action from the hope of gaining notoriety, and he maintained that, as that action was a calumny on M. Roqueplan's system of management, he ought to be made to pay damages, if only to teach him that he could not be allowed to employ such means to bring his name before the public. The public prosecutor said that, in his opinion, no damages were due to M. Tyszkiewicz, as the opera had been performed as the public were accustomed to see it; and he left it to the tribunal to say what reparation was due to the director of the Opera for the attack made on it. The tribunal gave a judgment which declared that, if it were true that important passages were omitted from the *Freyschutz* in the performance of the 7th October, those passages had been constantly omitted since 1850; that it resulted from this fact, which in principle was to be regretted, that works cut down were announced to the public as intact; but that the plaintiff having had only to submit to the omissions which had been imposed on the public from the beginning, could not establish that he had suffered any damage for which reparation was due; that as to the counter demand of M. Roqueplan, he had not proved that he had sustained any damage which could be estimated; and that consequently both actions should be dismissed. The tribunal, however, condemned M. de Tyszkiewicz to the costs.

[From The Literary World.]

## PERCOLESE.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.]

Now at last his work he endeth,  
And the pious Master sendeth  
Grateful thanks to Heaven's throne;  
Then break forth in glorious pealing,  
Through the Temple's lofty ceiling,  
Holy hymn and organ tone!

Stabat mater dolorosa  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,  
Dum pendebat filius,  
Cujus animam gementem  
Contristatam ac dolentem  
Pertransivit gladius.

And the virgin mother's anguish  
Makes each heart with sorrow languish,  
While the organ louder swells;  
Till in music's heavenly tide  
Grief itself is satisfied,  
And the tear of pity wells.

Quis est homo, qui non fletet,  
Christi matrem si videret  
In tanto supplicio?  
Quis non posset contristari  
Piam matrem contemplari  
Dolentem cum filio?

Holy fear and earnest longing  
O'er the Master's soul come thronging,  
Preluding that death is nigh;  
Then with faith ecstatic burning,  
See him to the altar turning,  
To the Virgin throned high.

Virgo virginum praeclara,  
Mihi jam non sis amara,  
Fac me tecum plangere;  
Fac ut portem Christi mortem  
Passionis fac consortem  
Et plagas recolare.

Hark! seraphic voices singing!  
From the heavenly regions bringing  
Wondrous music down to men!  
Holy spirits earthward fly,  
Bear the Master's soul on high,  
And the song ascends again.

Fac me cruce custodiri,  
Morte Christi praemuniri,  
Confoveri gratia;  
Quando corpus morietur,  
Fac ut animae donetur  
Paradisii gloria.

w. w. c.

## Mr. Fry's "Santa Claus" Symphony.

[The design of the composer, in this new Christmas Symphony, is thus described by the musical critic of the New York Tribune, who may be presumed to know quite as well about it as the composer himself. We coupled it last week with Haydn's *Kinder-Sinfonie*, but evidently it could be no child's play to carry out all that the author has here undertaken.]

We have seen it stated that the composer of "Santa Claus" intended it for an occasional piece—a sketch, etc. This is not so. He intended it—in regard to instrumentation—as the means of exposing the highest qualities in execution and expression of the greatest players in the world. As to spirit, he designed it in the introductory movement to represent the declamatory style in which he conceives oratorios ought to be written. Next, the verisimilitude which should mark music adapted to festivities from its rollicking traits and abandon. Then he designed to show all the sexual peculiarities of the orchestra, dramatically treated. Likewise the accents of English speech as related to music. He wished, also, to prove, as he believes, that the *Lullaby*, poetically handled, is as sublime as the *Madonna and Child*, if looked at artistically, and connected with it may be four separate counterpoints, all distinct and all painting different ideas and facts. Next, he wished to connect the music of nature

with the tragedy of human life—the latter played by M. Bottesini, an artist who exhausts wonder and dumb-founders praise; and the composer essayed, too, to paint the sublimest music in the world—that of the deity singing the monody of the passing world in the winter's wind. Next, he wished to individualize in music our only remaining fairy,—the character being grotesque, yet withal gentle and melodious, and with the sweetest mission that ever fairy performed. Next, he desired to paint the songs of the stars—the fluttering ecstasies of hovering angels—on the purest harmonies of the violins, only to be achieved by artists who have given a life of labor and love and lyrical devotion to extract the transcendental element in their instruments. Next, he designed to paint the change from starlight to sunlight by poetical analogies and mathematical facts. Then he sought to imitate the mother's cry to her little ones by rousing them on Christmas morning, and by the playing bo-peep, which as a little love story, admits of dramatic harmonies. The introduction of toys into the orchestra at this point, may be considered by the thoughtless, as a burlesque, but not so did the composer consider it. The divine words "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven," make the artistic painting of children and their toys, as much a mission of art as the writing of a hallelujah chorus. The finale too of this symphony, where an orchestra of drums is introduced to represent the rolling of the spheres, is among the composer's ideas of the necessity of towering sonority to crown a long work designed to be of a religious and romantic character.

There is a great originality of conception and grandeur of treatment in this New Year's Poem, and we believe that it will take a place among the very best lyrical productions of the age.—N. Y. National Democrat.

## HYMN OF THE EARTH TO THE SUN ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

I.

O, thou majestic One, whose sleepless eye  
Watches the planets that are thine own brides,  
Even as a god from his superior sky  
Watches the winding of the starry tides—  
Centre of Life! My glorious Spouse! O, hear  
My hymn that duly rises on each glad NEW YEAR.

II.

Through the long months thou hast looked down on me  
With the same love as through the cycles past:  
And, in the summer, o'er my shore and sea  
Thy passionate beams were from the centre east;  
And Life, full bounding Being, as of old,  
Over my swelling bosom brightly rolled.

III.

The bridal-fruit!—in fair flowers all a-glow;  
In birds that image swift, divinest thought;  
In populous seas where warmed waters flow:  
In woods that syllable the music taught  
By sybil-winds, and in the babe whose soul—  
Immortal wonder—sanctifies the whole.

IV.

O, how I thrilled through every leaping vein!  
O, how I felt the heavings of my heart!  
And lifted up the immemorial strain  
That shook my lips when first I formed a part  
Of this Creation, of which thou wert made  
Husband and Lord, by Him in Light arrayed.

V.

Say, was it wrong that thus I turned to sound—  
Delicate as some spirit's feet on flowers—  
A mother's gladness, while I looked around  
On my star'd sisters in their azure bowers—  
Mothers like me, who ever in their turn  
Feel thy loved kisses on their full lips burn?

VI.

And was it wrong that thus I nursed the fire  
Of keenest joy—knowing that yet 'twas mine  
To be alive with Heaven's light crowned Sire  
From whose large nostrils roll the flames divine  
That still impregnate, so that o'er my plains  
Nations may still endure like ever-lengthening strains!

VII.

Glory, and Power and Joy! The Nations still  
Spring from my womb and lift their conquering psalms:  
Great Europe keeps the mountain of her will;  
Strong Asia guards her coronal of palms;  
Swart Afric strays amid her wondrous blooms,  
And still the Eagle-People wear their broad, free plumes.

VIII.

I know that Evil yet makes many a liar  
Of wo and madness in the myriad homes;  
I know that Battle keeps his red arm bare,  
And gory banners float on tyrant domes,  
While cunning priests blight many a lovely sod,  
And slay my children in the name of God!

IX.

These are the things that often force the wail  
From my pierced heart, and in the spheral song  
Make painful discord; they shall not prevail!  
Yet shall the Right be throned above the Wrong!—  
Yet shall my note, unmarred by tuneless Crime,  
Harmonious float within the eternal chime!

X.

Smile not that unbelief, O, Sun!—but see  
By my Atlantic fixed a Nation great,  
And wise and true—though young—and free!  
In it I mark the signet seal of Fate,  
From whose fair form the mighty truth appears:  
"Evil, and Crime, and Wo must die beneath the Years

XI.

That even now within the Future stand  
On tip-toe waiting for the beck of Time—  
The radiant Years, beneath whose high command  
A Star of Peace shall smile o'er every clime,  
While one sweet word, like haleyon's wings unfurled,  
Love! Love! must float forever through the world!"

XII.

Glory, and Power, and Joy!—but hark!—I hear  
The great Bell of thy Orb—that's duly rung  
To mightiest music on each glad NEW YEAR—  
How through the trembling space its notes are flung!—  
Calling on me to lift my Song to Him  
Before whose intense Light even thou, O Sun, art dim!

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 7, 1854.

DRUM OBLIGATO!—We mean the drum for delinquents. The first of January reminds us that nine months of our Journal's year have gone, and yet hundreds of our subscribers ("in advance," the terms were) have still neglected to remit to us those little trifling \$2 sums, which collectively compose the bone and sinew of our enterprise. We pay as we go; how many times are we expected to notify and send round to our subscribers, before they think it proper to pay us?

[A GOOD TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE JOURNAL OF MUSIC is the first of January. Bound volumes of the first year, and all back numbers can be furnished, to those who wish to keep the musical record complete.]

## Oratorios.

MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY.—The repetition of the "Messiah," on Saturday evening, in spite of the universal satisfaction given by the first performance, turned out to be for the benefit of a mere handful of listeners, scarcely outnumbering the performers themselves. The almost unprecedented snow storm of Thursday had laid an embargo upon locomotive privileges. Our out-of-town friends were shut out entirely, and in town, the enterprise that had availed us to tug through snow drifts for three days, now felt a natural reaction, which made it greater joy to stay at home for once, than to be seeking vain renewal of an excitement so complete the first time, that the same causes could not make it as complete again. This is the law of all excitements and all victories



that pertain to human nature; and many, we doubt not, instinctively remembered the fatality and much mistrusted if the "Messiah" would sound as well a second time as it had done a week before.

The Society however came bravely up to the work, nor was aught wanting in the solos, the Germania orchestra, or the conductor, BERGMANN, who all did their duty heartily and with true loyalty to Art; not unmindful, it may have been, that it had been Handel's own fate to perform his oratorio to a far emptier house than that, nor of his undaunted: "Never moind, te music will sound te petter." The performance was a very fine one, under the circumstances; in some parts fully up to the high-water mark before left; but as a whole it fell necessarily somewhat short. The chorus was not out in its full force of numbers, and there was less to inspire, and no more advantage to be taken of the important lever of surprise, since now the weight of expectation had shifted to the extreme end to be lifted. Several new omissions had to be made, in consequence of beginning later than on Sunday; and there had been no time, of course, to thoroughly revise the arbitrary three-part division of the various pieces of the oratorio, as we suggested last week. We believe all present were much pleased with the performance; while those who went with earnest purpose to acquire a deeper impression and clearer understanding of Handel's masterpiece, must have been happy in a second opportunity, such as occurs none too frequently. The concluding "Amen" fugue rings in our mind yet; it gave us the true feeling of never-endingness, with zest and appetite to correspond, which lies in the nature of a true fugue; we longed to hear its spiral chase go on for a half-hour more, at least.

We are pleased to learn that the Choral Society have it in contemplation to bring out "St. Paul" or "Elijah," during the season.

**HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.**—The second of the subscription concerts, and the second representation of Handel's "Samson," drew out a large audience, in spite of the bad going, last Sunday evening. It was a pleasure to see and hear and breathe and feel again in the noble Music Hall, with its simple but artistic aspect, and the clear, elastic ring with which it truly reports every true tone;—although we confess we should have been puzzled to define any very marked acoustic failure in the New Tremont Temple, after those two trials, except such as might have been attributable to the closeness sometimes of the atmosphere. Yet it did seem to us, in coming back, that the Handelian choruses rang through the Music Hall with more vitality of resonance. And certainly the voice of Mrs. Wentworth seemed to tell with twice the power it did on the preceding evening.

But not to let the hall usurp the credit justly due the singers, we must say that the choruses in "Samson"—the few choruses there are, and very grand ones,—were rendered with remarkable precision, spirit and effect. The contralti of the Handel and Haydn are no match for those of the new society; perhaps not the soprani; but the tenors and basses are in much superior force, and in round, unisonous and telling mass of tone may challenge comparison with any that we remember in this city. We observe less of that disagreeable shouting and straining of the tenor voices than in

former years. Indeed the many years practice and experience of the more permanent members of the Handel and Haydn chorus lend a palpable advantage.

The overture, with its contrasted series of movements, and its richness in ideas, enough to justify any antiquarian love for the quaint Handelian forms, was played with a refreshing lifeness and point, and so were the accompaniments throughout; not excepting the trumpet *obligato* in Miss STONE's great song, which this time helped and did not mar. The other triumphs of the evening in the way of solo-singing, were the warbling, cooing melodies in the part of Dalila, rendered with exquisite beauty and, as it seemed to us, with less childish sweetness and more womanly ripeness and soundness of tone, than usual, by Mrs. WENTWORTH; and the spirited, declamatory recitatives and airs of Harapha, especially "Honor and Arms," as sung by Mr. AIKEN. We do not remember any thing better in its kind, from any of our native singers, than this last. The part of Samson abounds with trying recitative, which, falling in the lower and middle regions of the voice, grows rather dull and tedious in the rendering of Mr. LOW. Now and then a high note of his tenor charms us with its pure and golden quality; and in a portion of the air: *Total eclipse! no sun, no moon, &c.*, it told with sweet and beautiful pathos. But his recitative not only lacks declamatory force and crispness, but suffers from a certain ordinary and as it were country conversation character of voice and style: the very quality which music, as the ideal language, should never come within a thousand miles of once suggesting. There is always merit in Mr. BALL's singing, though one tastes a little too much of the sculptor's clay (pardon the image from a sphere of Art in which the same gentleman has won real laurels!) in the somewhat thick and heavy mould of his musical periods.

We cannot but repeat the thought which always strikes us when we hear an oratorio. It is the choruses, and not the solos, which under ordinary circumstances must ensure the success of such works. "Samson" abounds in solo, in song and recitative dialogue, and hence, without the rarest singers, fails of its full effect; though to be sure, the choruses are doubly refreshing when they do come. The common ear no doubt loves melody; and minds of common culture, not baptized into the love of music pure and for its own sake, or not at home in thoughts ideal, impersonal and grand, are naturally most interested in music which is wedded to some personalities, hence in song or dialogue as pertaining to dramatic characters, or, wanting such intrinsic personality in the thing sung, in the personality of the singer. Thus in a promiscuous audience, twenty will be eager to know how Mrs. Wentworth sings, to one who thinks of the song itself and the composer. This is the rule. And yet Handel's choruses, and even Mendelssohn's, are so instinct both with humanity and grandeur, that it is a well established fact, that the choruses in all the late performances of oratorio have charmed and lifted up the great mass of the audience, as no songs sung by any less than Jenny Lind could lift them up and charm them. The inference is, the more choruses the better. Not that we would take away the solo-singer's occupation, or be ungrateful for the frequent pleasure we have had in this way from our native artists.—But in the selection of orato-

rios for performance, would it not be the better policy to take those in which chorus predominates over solo, instead of solo over chorus as in "Samson"? There is that magnificent and sublime "Israel in Egypt," with its great mountain ranges of double chorus, by Handel: why will not one of our societies give us that? Were it not better worth the study, and surer to impress a simple and disarm a critical audience, than the Rossini opera of "Moses" done over into *quasi* oratorio shape, with its abundance of long winding, florid single or part melodies, which task the utmost powers of the most trained Italian voices? It is too late, of course, to ask our Handel and Haydn friends to change the programme for their season. "Moses in Egypt" is announced and we presume nearly ready, and we shall extract all the pleasure that we can from it and wish it all success. Our hint is thrown out for the consideration of oratorio societies in general, for their future conduct. Without urging its interference with present arrangements, we wish that in the long run it may have some weight.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Of Music Wedded to Mortal Verse.

MR. EDITOR:—In common with yourself and others, who have expressed themselves through your columns, I have enjoyed the excerpts from the operas of Wagner which have made so many moments memorable. Now that this "Master in more forms than one" is as fairly before us as we may expect for a long while, I wish to make some suggestions, more by way of query than querulousness, concerning "Tannhäuser."

In Wagner's theory of Operatic Music, as I understand it, the *Libretto* is to be adequate to the music; that is, it must not contain anything that will offend a highly cultivated poetic sense, or a proper idea of philosophy, art or history.

But what are we to think of *Tannhäuser* judged by this test? I am sure that any one who has a canonical calendar of saints, and who knows anything of the history of one St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who on earth was wife and widow to Louis IV., will find discord in every part of the opera. At what time of Elizabeth's life could any such incidents as those in *Tannhäuser* have occurred? According to the most reliable historic evidence, St. Elizabeth was daughter of Andrew II.; was born at Presburg in the year 1207; was betrothed to Louis at four years of age, he being eleven,—and commencing his reign as Landgrave of Thuringia in 1215, the marriage was completed six years afterward.

Now it is inconceivable that there should have been any such contests of Minnesingers in which she was involved, whilst she was receiving her education at Wartburg; for it is well attested, that the betrothal vows between the young Princess and Landgrave were most sacred and dear to them. It is not that there may not be correctly a poetic and musical Romance drawn from the life of such persons; but when such a romance entirely overturns every correct idea of a character in history, and makes all accounts nonsense, it is clearly out of taste, and artificial rather than artistic. Jacobus de Veragine, Surius, and, more than all, Dietrich, have made us as fully acquainted with this Saint's life as we can be with any life of that period. The latter was born in Thuringia near the time and scene of her remarkable life and death. He not only studies all the works on her history, but "not satisfied with these, visited monasteries, castles, and towns, interrogated the oldest and most truthful persons, and wrote letters, seeking fulness and truth in all." She had early an inclination rather for some secluded holy place, than the society of the

court, and chose by lot St. John as her patron, the Protector of Virginity. In their early espousals "the princess was laid in the cradle of her boy spouse," "and the infants embraced with smiles, from whence the bystanders drew a joyful omen of their future happiness." As they grew older their affection increased; they knew each other by the names of "brother and sister" alone. Most truly has Mr. Kingsley in his "Saint's Tragedy" made her say to Isentudes:

What is this love? Why, is he not my brother  
And I his sister? Till these weary wars,  
The one of us without the other never  
Did weep or laugh: what is't should change us now?

The interest and beauty of her life centre on the singleness of her love for *this one*; on her yielding up the enjoyment of a happy wedded life with him,—on giving him up to the holy wars for the sake of being "perfect through sufferings;" and on her meekly dying of a broken heart. It is well known that she did not long survive him, but died in 1231, on a hard floor in a cell in one of her own hospitals, having descended thither from her throne and happiness. She was canonized by Gregory IX., four years after.

Now in all this history there is absolutely no room to suppose that she could at any time have been brought into the part given her in *Tannhäuser*, however shadowy and mythic it may be designed to be. The only way seems to be, to imagine that she was *Tannhäuser's* guardian genius after her death, which would be inconsistent with the opera. It would be well enough if we could have in the opera the two Venuses of the earliest Orphic mythology as travestied into mediæval Provence,—the Venus and the Eros, or Celestial Love. But it will be a blemish, unless some new historic light be cast on it, that this sacred principle should be personified in one with whom there are other and still higher associations, to which violence is done.

Slowly but surely I think we are trained into the faith that Music must condescend when it chooses to illustrate itself by objects or even signs, as words. I never hear a grand oratorio tied on to antiquated modes of thought, unscientific statement, bad exegesis and worse translation, but I recur to the Immortal Old Man in the dream of Jean Paul, with a soul made to aspire and ascend the eternal chain of worlds, yet doomed to live on the earth forever. Surely it makes some difference when one hears the exquisite air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," after he knows, that there is no doubt that in the passage, (Job 19:25,) the word usually translated "Redeemer" means truly "Avenger of blood," and was the title of a relative whose duty in old times it was to save the reputation of a man, by saving his inheritance from mortgage, or marrying his widow. Job was reflecting that although men thought his afflictions the evidence of some secret sin, yet after he was dead, some relative would vindicate his reputation, and goes on to say that "without his flesh," not in it, he could see God. Of course this has no very material bearing on theological controversy, but it does inspire a timidity toward all music which does not feel its superiority to all incarnation into form or symbol. Music only enters the soul when we listen as angels listen; then word or form or our own bodies are impertinences. Talking birds are not the most musical.

We apprehend the whole difficulty in our correspondent's mind grows out of the gratuitous assumption that Wagner's Elizabeth, sainted and pure as he describes her, was at all intended for the Saint Elizabeth of history. Yet in constructing an ideal character, had he not a right to draw the moral and spiritual elements thereof from the most ideal characters which history affords? Might not every actual fair saint serve him in his conception of an ideal saint?

With the main thought of the last paragraph of the above, (to which the other part is made subservient), we fully sympathize. Music is more than words, and oftener descends than otherwise, to wed with words. But we have little fear that any "exegetical" considerations will ever enter anybody's mind to rob "I know that my Redeemer" &c., of the high interpretation of the Handelian music. That seems to us like digging in a dry and stony soil for arguments to prove what does not need such argument.

#### Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The audience of the fourth Chamber Concert was uncommonly large, and the programme uncommonly interesting; especially the first part, which consisted of two of the most admirable of Quartets. The first was the old favorite by Mozart, the No. 4, in E flat, of which we spoke somewhat at length last year, and whose beauties one does not begin to exhaust, were he to hear it for the hundredth time. For it is one of those perfect products of a pure ideal imagination which by no possibility can ever become commonplace. If one would know the heaven-wide difference between really high Art, and the *ad captandum* superficial effect pieces, which win such multitudes away from Art, he finds a fine example in this Quartet. The so-called popular and taking melodies, from a "Prima Donna Waltz" to the most elaborate bravura of Italian opera, grow stale by repetition; you are delighted once, you call them good, and soon they get to haunt the atmosphere, become a fashion or a listless habit ("whistled for want of thought"), and you grow sick of hearing them. The Quartet in E flat is full of melody; melodies are intertwined and interwoven in and out through its whole harmonious texture; most of its movements win and delight even the uncultivated ear on the first hearing; but they lead the mind away and up into an unwonted, higher, freer state of being; you fling away all commonplace, bed-ridden and belittling associations as your soul floats in the free element. The charm is impersonal and strengthening to the soul. This melody, these harmonies do not, like the popular airs aforesaid, return upon you in your listless moments, to avenge themselves upon your self-indulgence, by identifying themselves with your foolish and idlest thoughts and dearest states of mind, haunting and boring you continually. You cannot drag them down to earth and commonness; you cannot vulgarize them; they preserve their ideality and selectness; they remind you of a higher, truer element, within you, yet above you, of which they are the native voices and the audible vibrations, and while they hover near you, refuse to let you drag them down with you to your own idle, vulgar level. It is a spiritual charm which sanctifies these pure products of an inspired imagination. Yet they are no mere abstractions; they are positive works of Art, that address the senses at the same time with the soul. They are as palpable realities of sense as common airs and dances: yet they refuse to be hummed or danced to, at least in the body. They are like great persons, high, spiritual characters, persons of genius, whom we may meet familiarly, and yet never can we fully know them and appropriate them; moving among us and of us, they refuse to be made common; their look and voice tell ever of a higher, truer element which eludes the enfeebling grasp of familiarity.

This is most true of the Allegro and Andante of this Quartet. But in the Minuet and Trio, we have the simple, naive, childlike, playful sort of Mozart melody; here, for the time being, all seems perfectly familiar and accessible; the shining visitors descend to mingle upon equal terms in the light-hearted sports of us mortal children. How natural and unstudied seems the tune of it! how pleasantly at home we all are in the fascinating company! But the shining ones are gone before you can think of detaining them; they are not to be caged and tortured, like every day tunes, in a hand organ—not they!

The Mozart quartet was nicely played. Not so, we are sorry to say, the wonderful Quartet of Beethoven, whose fiery impetus and course thick-set with difficulties betrayed the bows into too rough and angry intercourse with the strings. There was more than usual of that scratching kind of tone, which so very few quartet parties manage to avoid in rendering Beethoven. We suppose it must be the last and crowning perfection of quartet-playing to work itself out pure entirely from this dross, without sacrifice of fire and manliness. This rough mode of attacking the strings, too, frequently involves the greater sin of false intonation, especially in the highest octave.

The Quintette Club are not always given to it: hear them in a quartet of Haydn, such as the Adagio (God save the Emperor) with variations, played at the end of the concert,—or in that earlier one of Beethoven, with the Andante and variations,—or in many others we might mention, and it all comes out smoothly and invitingly to the ear; the tones speak out or sing out from the strings, instead of being tortured out, and the musical nerves and sense are conciliated and put in delightful rapport with the themes discoursed to them. This our quartet-players can and do often realize, and it attaches their audience to them in the long run. What extra difficulties there may be in rendering such a piece as this first of the three "Rasoumofsky Quartets" of Beethoven, our friends of the Mendelssohn Club know better than we can; but we trust they will persevere unto a pure and clear and easy victory over obstacles as great as these. None the less, however, do we thank them for giving us a renewed introduction to a work of such rare originality and greatness. It is one of the most wonderful emanations of the Beethoven individuality, and shows the all-mastering logic of his art in the development of his themes in a remarkable manner. The ideas are nervous, bold, unique and pregnant; and the rhythmical forms unfolded into the most intricate, yet symmetrical and expressive fineness of divisions. It is hard to believe that the opus number, *fifty-nine*, can mark the true date of this composition. In rare individuality of thought and manner, in remoteness from all common forms, in utter newness of invention and of exploration as it were in wondrous, untried spheres, it seems in advance of the symphonies of the same or later date, (the C minor symphony is op. 67), and indeed of all the symphonies before the ninth and last. These are all clearer and more readily appreciable to the common ear, than are these quartets of his middle period. Does it not prove, that in quartet-writing the composer invites you to communion with his most interior, esoteric self; that it is the most advanced portion of his being that seeks utterance in this form of Art?



The Second Part of the Concert opened with an arrangement from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, the "Song to the Evening Star," a fervent and religious strain, which in the opera is sung by the spiritual minnesinger, Wolfram von Eschenburg. It is a tenor song, and could not of course retain all its true character when given to the clarinet. The violoncello would have sung it more appropriately; but the violoncello was needed for bass in the quartet accompaniment, which we presume was the secret of such an arrangement. The piece, as it was, gave great pleasure to the audience, who insisted on a repetition. A Quintet by Gade, (op. 8. in E minor), played here for the first time, impressed us as very beautiful, but in the same vein of cool sea-shore, romantic fancy as his other works,—a vein which finds more scope in the freer form of the overture, and even in a symphony, than within the stricter requirements of quintet or quartet.

**JULLIEN'S ORCHESTRA.** We have barely room to allude to the first of the new series of Concerts, on Thursday evening. The audience was smaller than it ought at any time to be for such an orchestra. The floor of the Music Hall, at the fifty cent price, appeared well filled, but the dollar and dollar and a half balconies were sparsely populated. The instruments were not quite as numerous as before, yet the music seemed none the less brilliant and effective. The programme was mostly made up of oft-repeated pieces, to which the *habitués* could hardly turn with much zest; and in a programme already superabounding in quantity, it was rather severe to submit to the *encore* of nearly every piece. But for the "Prima Donna Waltz," and the "American Quadrilles," and the "Carnival of Venice" flute solo, there were of course fresh auditors, and for their sakes it was well. The "Masaniello" overture was splendidly performed; the solemn, stirring Hungarian national air, in one of the JULLIEN quadrille sets, was worked up to a pitch of sublimity at the close. The Allegretto from the 8th Beethoven symphony, with its tranquil, happy, equable tempo, is always welcome. BOTTESINI's new contrabasso solo, which he calls, "Cerito," was the most marvellous and artistically interesting of all that we have heard from this rare magician. Mlle. ZERR sang from *Lucia*, and some English songs; and the brothers MOLLINHAUER discoursed their aerial harmonies to the unalloyed delight of all ears. There were, too, new and curious polkas, &c., by JULLIEN.

But the feature of the evening was the long orchestral selection from his opera "The Destruction of Pompei," which was full of striking effects; now passages of quaint and sober beauty, like the antique strain: "O Isis;" and now overwhelmingly grand and awe-inspiring, like the finale, which represents that city's doom.

Last evening JULLIEN was to give his "Shakspeare Night." But his repertoire did not include Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus," the grandest musical production, perhaps, ever prompted by the genius of the great bard. We trust he will bind that up also into his next Shakspeare sheaf.

### Musical Intelligence.

#### Local.

**CONCERTS AT HAND.**—This afternoon JULLIEN's orchestra at the Music Hall. Observe, it begins at a quarter before three.—To-night the GERMANIANS play Schubert's symphony, and Gade's "Ossian" overture, which has a harp *obligato* part for Mr. APTOMMAS.—To-morrow night, the third and last performance of "Samson," by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—JULLIEN again on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

The last GERMANIA REHEARSAL opened with a delicious symphony by Haydn. We hope they will repeat it. Haydn always opens a concert well; he puts you in a genial and accepting mood for music. The first finale from *Don Juan* also diffused lively satisfaction.

We grieve to hear that little PAUL JULLIEN lies so dangerously ill at Buffalo, that his life is almost despaired

of. Brain-fever is the disease. Camilla Urso has been engaged to supply his place in Mme. Sontag's troupe.

#### Foreign.

**VERSAILLES.**—The *Orpheonists* have executed, in the church of the chateau, the mass composed for them by MM. Halevy, Adolph Adam, and Ambroise Thomas. Madame Widemann sang an "O Salutaris" and an "Agnus Dei" by Panseon.

**VIENNA.**—During the last week of November, Balfe's Opera of *Keolanthe*, was performed at the Court Theatre.—The post of Chapel-Master of the Cathedral, vacant by the death of Drechsler, has been given to M. Gottfried Prayer, author of the oratorio of *Noah*.—M. Willmers, the pianist, is here, and his playing is much extolled.

**LEIPZIG,** 25th Nov.—The Conservatoire of Music, founded by the late Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, has just celebrated the anniversary of the birth of that illustrious composer by a public performance of his oratorio *Saint Paul*, in which the pupils of the establishment took part.—At the Theatre they have revived two old operas, *Les Deux Journées* of Cherubini, and *Le Médecin et l'Apothicaire* of Dittersdorf.—Berlioz is daily expected here to give some concerts at the Gewandhaus.

**STOCKHOLM.**—The Theatre Royal re-opened with *La Mulette* of Auber. Since then they have given *Le Gai* of Adolphe Adam; *Martha*, by Flotow; and *Preciosa*, by Weber.

**ST. PETERSBURG.**—Naudin, the tenor in place of Mario, has made his debut with success in *Lucrezia Borgia*. In *Robert le Diable*, Medori, in the part of Alice, has made a veritable sensation. Tamberlik was splendid in *Robert*.—Mme. De la Grange made a hit in *Le Barbier* with Ronconi, Calzolari, and Lablache; and again in *Lucia* with De Bassini and Calzolari. Carlotta Grisi, in the ballet, will be replaced by Mlles. Giraud and Fleury, from Paris.—Henselt, the celebrated pianist and composer, is about to make a tour in the interior of Russia.—The *Prophete* has been produced with a still greater effect than last year. Tamberlik made his *rentrée* in the part of Jean of Leyden, and his magnificent voice produced an immense effect upon the audience. Mme. La Grange was the Fides.—Mlle Louise Christiani, the celebrated violoncellist has just died.

### A Good Commencement.

President Pierce, Queen Victoria, Emperor of Russia, King of Holland, President Santa Anna, Emperor of Austria, Pope of Rome, Emperor of China, King of Denmark, Queen of Spain, King of Belgium, Sultan of Turkey, King of Prussia, King of Sweden, Emperor of France, King of Sardinia, and, in fact, portraits of all the principal rulers of the world, at the present time, may be found in "Gleason's Pictorial" for the present week, being number one of a new volume. Besides the above, this beautiful weekly contains quite a number of other fine engravings—such as New Year's festivals in Germany, China, Algiers, and the West Indies. Also a group of the New York Police, in their new regulation uniform—chief, captain, privates, etc. A Family Register; Scenes in Turkey; A Turkish Lady at Home; A Turkish Soldier; A Turkish Fruit Vender; A Turkish Policeman, etc. A number of excellent stories, poems, etc., by the best American authors, are also to be found in the above number; and, to crown all, the paper has come out in an entire new dress—being much beautified throughout. Terms of the "Pictorial,"—one subscriber, one year, \$3 00; two subscribers, one year, \$5 00; four, \$9 00; eight, \$16 00. Single copies, at six cents each, may be obtained at any of the periodical depots throughout the country.

### Advertisements.

#### SYMPHONY SOIRÉES.

#### The Germania Musical Society,

At the request of many lovers of Classical Music, propose, should sufficient encouragement be offered, to give in Boston Wednesday evenings, a new series of FIVE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS, to consist exclusively of CLASSICAL MUSIC, according to the scheme of historical programmes heretofore published. The price of a set of five tickets, admitting one person to each of the five Concerts, numbered from one to five, and to be used accordingly, is fixed at THREE DOLLARS. Single tickets, ONE DOLLAR. The list will close January 1, 1854. For further information, apply to HENRY BANDT, Agent, Dec. 10. Office at Wade's.

#### RARE OLD VIOLINS.

FOR SALE, two beautiful old Violins, one of AMATI's and one of STEINER's make. Inquire of W. BUCHHEISTER, 45 Harrison Avenue. Jan. 7. 2t

### HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE Annual Meeting will be held on MONDAY EVENING, January 16th, at TRECOTHIC BUILDING, corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets. Business meeting at 7 o'clock, precisely, and a punctual attendance is earnestly requested. SUPPER at 9 o'clock. Jan. 7. 2t Committee, R. E. APTHORP.

### BOSTON MUSIC HALL, JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

#### M. JULLIEN

Begs to announce

### A GRAND AFTERNOON CONCERT, (This Day,) SATURDAY, Jan. 7, 1854,

To commence at 3 o'clock before 3 o'clock:

Upon which occasion Herr REICHERT, Herr KOENIG, Sig. BOTTESINI, and Mlle. ANNA ZERR will appear in conjunction with

#### M. Jullien's unrivalled Orchestra.

For full particulars see Programme. Admission: Parquette, 50 cents, Balconies, 25¢. Tickets to be had at the music stores and hotels. Doors open at 2 o'clock: Commence 3/4 before 3.

### BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

#### The Germania Musical Society

WILL GIVE THEIR

### Sixth Grand Subscription Concert, On Saturday Evening, Jan. 7th,

ASSISTED BY

Mr. APTOMMAS, the Welsh Harpist,

AND BY

Mr. ROBERT HELLER, Pianist.

#### PROGRAMME.

##### PART I.

1. Symphony in C major,.....Frans Schubert.  
1. Andante and Allegro. 3. Scherzo, Allegro vivace.  
2. Andante. 4. Finale, Allegro vivace.
2. Solo for Piano: Selections of Compositions by Mendelssohn, Chopin, Thalberg, &c.  
Performed by Mr. ROBERT HELLER.
3. Grand Fantasia, on themes from "Semiramide," for Harp,.....Alvars.  
Performed by Mr. APTOMMAS.

##### PART II.

4. Overture: "Sounds (Klänge) from Ossian," Harp obligato,.....N. W. Gade.
5. Trio for two Horns and Bassoon,.....Bergmann.  
Performed by Messrs. KUESTENMACHER, FLAGMANN and HUNSTOCK.
6. Solo: Flute.  
Composed and performed by CARL ZERRHARN.
7. Polonaise Concertante,.....Wittmann.
8. La Danse des Fees, for Harp,.....Alvars.  
Performed by Mr. APTOMMAS.
9. Overture to "Siege of Corinth,".....Rossini.

Doors open at 8 1/2. Concert to commence at 7 1/4. Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.

### HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

#### Third Concert of the Series.

#### HANDEL'S GRAND DRAMATIC ORATORIO OF SAMSON,

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#### GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Conductor...Mr. Bergmann. | Organist...Mr. Müller.

Performance to commence at 7 o'clock.

Tickets, at 50 cents each, may be had at the Tremont, Revere, Bromfield and United States Hotels—at the Music Stores of Messrs. Wade, Ditson, Reed, Tolman, and Richardson—of Mr. Weeks, at Federhen & Co's.—at the offices of the Hall, on the evening of performance.

Members will have their usual privilege. Back tickets of the series may be presented.

Our subscribers and the public are respectfully informed that the Oratorio of MOSES in EGYPT, by Rossini, is in active rehearsal, and will be presented in a few weeks, with our usual array of Solo talent, the Germania Society, and the powerful chorus of the Handel and Haydn.

J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY.

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Respectfully announces that his FIRST VOCAL CONCERT will take place at the

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On Wednesday Evening, Jan. 18th,

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Mrs. WENTWORTH,

Mrs. RAMETTI, and

Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

Mr. Müller will preside at the Piano and Organ, performing twice on the latter instrument.

Single Tickets 50 cents. Family Tickets to admit three, \$1, to be had with programmes at the music stores of E. H. Wade, and Geo. P. Reed.

Mr. Arthurson takes this occasion to state that during the three coming months he will reside in Boston, and will take a limited number of pupils for instruction in Recitative, Oratorio and the Modern School of Vocalization. Applications to be addressed to him, 38 Oxford street.

**PUBLIC REHEARSALS.**

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY will give Public Rehearsals at the Boston Music Hall every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26.

The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals. Admission:—Packages containing eight tickets \$1, to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. Single tickets 25 cents. Oct. 29

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